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### Acadian, The

Published on FRIDAY at the office! WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS : BO CENTS Per Annum (IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$2.00

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT IS CODstantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

on all work turned out.

Newsy communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the Actuan must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a ficticious signature.

Address all conunications to DAVISON BROS.,

Editors & Proprietors,

Wolfville, N. S.

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Express west close at 10.35 a. m. Express east close at 5 20 p. m. Kentville close at 7 37 p m. Gro. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX. Open from 9 a m. to 2 p.m. Closed on Saturcey at 12, noon. A. DEW. Barss, Agent.

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Wolfville, 28th Feb., '85.

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## Select Poetry,

#### My Creed and my Brother.

will not ask my neighbor of his creed, Nor what he deems of doctrines, old or new; Nor what the rites his honest soul may need To worship God, the only wise and

Nor what he thinks of the anointed Christ, Nor with what baptism he hath been baptised.

I ask not what temptations have beset His human heart; now self-abased and sore; Nor by what wayside well the Lord he

met, Nor where was uttered, "Go and sin no more!"
Between his soul and God this business lies, Not mine to cavel, question, or despise.

I ask not by what name, among the rest, That Christians go by, he is named or

known; Whether his faith has ever been professed Or whether proven by his deeds alone; So there be Christhood in him all is well; He is my brother, and in peace we dwell.

If grace and patience in his actions speak, Or fall in words of kindness from his tongue,
Which raise the fallen, fortify the weak,
And heal the heart by sorrow rent

and wrung;
If he gives good for ill, and love for hate,
Friend of the friendless, poor and deso-

I find in him discipleship so true, So full, that nothing further I demand, He may be bondman, freeman, Gentile.

Jew, But we are brothers—walk we hand in In his white life let me the Christhood see, It is enough for him-enough for me.

Interesting Storn.

# Jeanie's Success.

## Concluded.

The tears were scarcely dry on her cheeks, and her mouth had a pitiful quiver as she handed the tiny bird to the lady, who received it with grateful thanks. She saw some sorrow was pressing upon the girl, and longed to help her, for she, too, knew the burden

and how it came about she scarcely knew, but in a few moments she seated in the arbor, and, unconsciously to herself, in response to a few kindly questions, had given Miss Rothesav the clew to her trouble. And she was asked to come again to see her early in the week.

Meriba and Katherine Rothesay had been brought up in luxury and refinement by an uncle from whom they were led to expect they would inherit a large fortune. But the last days of the old man were so embittered by suffering that at times he doubted even the affection of his faithful neices; and, at his death, left all his property to a wayward nephew, who doled out a scant allowance to his cousins, and then left them to fight their own way in the world, by teaching a small school.

Afterwards it came to light that there was record of a later will in which the repentant uncle had done his neices justice, but, as this could not be found, it was supposed he had himself destroyed it.

With advancing years a hopeless disease settled upon Miss Meriba. Then the school was given up, and Miss Katherine with silvering hair and thinning cheek, herself took in fine needle work and tended her sister with many anxious thoughts for the future.

Only a few hours before had they talked of sending away Tibbie, the little maid-of-all-work; and then came little Jeanie Anderson with the truant bird and her sorrowful face,

The same thought had come to both the sisters; for when she had gone, after a few moments' silence, Miss Meriba said, sadly,-

"It's a sair coming down to the daughter of Donald Rothesay."

"Nothing honest can be a come down to the daughter of Donald Rothesay," replied Miss Katherine, cheerily; "and an hour or two in the evening will rest my eyes from that trying needle-work." Then their eyes met with a bright smile, each brave for the other, and Jeanie's fate was settled.

What a wonderful new life was opened to the discouraged little millgirl when she was told that this gracious lady would be her teacher! How diligently she strove, with an added incentive to her labor, for it did not take long to learn to love the gentle lady. She rose early in the morning stole a bit from her nooning, and worked late at night. Her book lay open by her loom, and her mind was ever on the alert trying to grasp and conquer her task.

Dragging work it became at length, for the truth must be told. Those years of mental neglect and want of discipline taunted her with the hopelessness of her ambition; yet with dogged perseverence she plodded on, knowing not how she exemplified that great saying, "Genius is eternal patience."

Though she was troubled at her own slow progress in those days, Jeanie Anderson was getting something which in after years would tell for her as much as the learning she coveted so greatly.

Miss Katherine Rothesay had that peculiar and rare grace of spirit which communicates itself to others. Because she was kindly, noble minded and unselfish, all the kindliness, the nobleness and unselfishness in others were brought out. Being so gracious, so truly a perfect gentlewoman, the graces of real ladyhood seemed possible to Jeanie Anderson; and as the year went by they grew upon her unconsciously.

Her letters still went to Robert Mc-Farlane in Kirsty's handwriting, and there was to be a grand surprise for him when he came home in the summer. But with the summer came a sad accident to Robert. He broke his leg, and had to spend the weeks he had designed for Rutherglen in the hospital Jeanie felt the unspoken sympathy, at Edinburgh. Then another year of study claimed all his time; and Jeanie still plodded on her up-hill way.

Robert asked her several times that year to let Kirsty teach her writing, and to study a bit in the evenings; but she would not take Miss Rothesay's advice to let him know what she was doing; and the pride in which this resolve was taken grew stronger when at the close of the year, Robert had a chance of going as companion and tuor to the Highlands for the summer.

The opportunity came so suddenly he must go at once, or refuse. He went, and Jeanie, with a hurt feeling she would not acknowledge, said to herself, "He'll see for himsel when he comes; I'll no tell him."

With this third year came an awakening to Jeanie Anderson. She had been a faithful and diligent student and now she received the reward her earnestness had deserved. Instead of finding it a laborious effort to conquer her tasks, she grew to love learning for its own sake.

Miss Rothesay detected the superior quality of the mind that was slowly unfolding itself, and felt rebuked for the unspoken thought of pride she had resolutely put down when the teaching of the ignorant mill-girl first suggested itself to her as a duty.

The broadness of Jeanie's dialect was greatly toned down now, and she seldom made a grammatical error. Her companions at the mill took to calling her "Leddy Jane," a title which secretly pleased her, for, though jestingly given, she felt she was growing toward a cultured womanhood, which would one day demand recognition from all.

By a strange fatality, when another summer bloomed in Rutherglen it found Robert McFarlane again in the Highlands, hurried there ere his year's work | time,-

was scarcely completed.

Miss Rothesay entreated Jeanie now to tell him her secret; but she persistently refused, and the good lady seeing the resuded pride in the girl's eyes, said no more.

When the autumn came Miss Meriba slowly faded away. There were no lessons then from books. The rich cousin opened his churlish heart a little and sent a sum which relieved a part of the great burden of those days.

Jeanie, who had grown very dear to the sisters, now left the mill altogether for a few weeks, and came to be a younger sister, gentle, helpful and cheerful to the life that was passing in pain away, and a strong, courageous support to the other.

One rainy afternoon, while the sufferer slept, Jeanie, lonely and sad, crept up to the little attac to look over some books she had seen stored there. After straining her eyes over them for a while, she began to replace them in the box in which she found them. Suddenly her elbow hit a sharp corner of the box; the book she held in her hand fell to the floor, and from between its time-stained leaves slipped a yellow, folded paper-the last will of Alexander Rothesay!

This was only a few days before Miss Meriba passed away; and she went in greater peace, knowing her old uncle's heart had turned lovingly to them at the last. Almost her last words were that Jeanie should stay with Katherine

There was no difficulty in proving the will and claiming Miss Rothesay's property. The old life of privation and sorrow faded into a tender memory, and a new one, made cheery and beautiful by the grateful love and care of the bright young girl, dawned for the gracious gentlewoman.

She had masters for Jeanie now; and in a few months, for the sake of the young girl, she gathered about her friends of culture and refinement, such as her altered circumstancet enabled her to entertain in a quiet, simple manner. Contact with such people stimulated Jeanie's developing mind.

Through this year had grown a secret uneasiness in the conscience of Jeanie Anderson. She began to question her right to keep from Robert Mo Farlane what she had done. Might he not with justice blame her for the concealment, and find it a hard thing to forgive?

Many a time she began to write him, but the old, sore feeling, that he had not taken even a day to come to her through these years, mingled with the pride of letting him see her for himself to what she had grown, kept her from finishing the letter. So the winter and the spring passed by; and Jeanie waited anxiously for that summer day which was to bring Robert with the honors of his university fresh upon

Jeanie's ambiguous phrasing of the change in her home had led Robert McFarlane to think she had taken service with Miss Rothesay. He had come to Rutherglen a day sooner than he was expected, and was walking slowly down the street, behind the hedge, when he heard, as Jeanie had once done, a voice reading in the

A quick flush leaped to his brow, as he quietly parted the hedge, and looked in. An elderly lady in deep mourning sat there; but it was the younger one who read with such appreciation and interest, in perfectly modulated tonesthe young lady with a white dress and violets at her throat, who wore Jeanie Anderson's well-remembered features, crowned with a charm he had never seen, that subtle nameless grace of

In a few moments she closed the book, and said quickly, as if it had been an underlying thought all the

"Miss Rothesay, I fear I have made a great mistake in not telling Robert

about my studying, and the rest." "I felt so all the time," was the

gentle answer. A pause—then Jeanin continued, "If he should find is hard to forgive

She did not finish the sentence; but arose and went towards the house with the refrain of that old mill-song on her

"Should he no come back again,"

Very quietly Robert McFarlane stole away. He was the one to be forgiven; and this sudden revelation smote on him with a quick painful, consciousness of what he might have lost had "he no come back again."

In these past years the thought of Jeanie Anderson, with her mill-garb and untutored mind, had grown to be an undefined pain to the ambitious student; till, at length, he had bravely faced it, and fought the battle out with himself--loyalty against pride!

Then had the memory of the little girl, who had so generously shared with him her store of hard-earned money, shamed him completely; and he felt humbled that one untrue thought had come to him.

He was fresh from the struggle now; and though this wondrous reward was before him, no wonder he dared not take it just then, and that ever after he felt that it was more than he deserved.

The wise and wholesome restraints of perental love, of family ties, of a good government, of public opinion, and even of social observances, are the best possible preparations for that selfrestraint which is the rock on which all true liberty is built. No slavery is so abject and humiliating as that which claims us in servile obedience to our own appetites and passions, and no power on earth can free us from such bonds except the power of selfrestraint. This power, like all others, is developed by continual exercise, and he who resists or contemns all external restraints shuts himself out from this

The peculiar tenderness of the Irish towards the weak and unfortunate has for centuries been marked and admired by foreigners who have made their acquaintance in their own land. One who visited the country in the exciting times of the Repeal agitation relates an incident of one of the monstor mass meetings of the people, which illustrates this amiable trait of Irish character:

One sight in the midst of that tremenduous spectacle of crowding, crushing humanity was so wonderful and beautiful that I shall not soon forget it. In the very centre of that jammedtogether throng, I observed one small point unoccupied, which always moved on and on as the crowd moved, but always remained open. What, I asked, can that be? Or why is that little spot there left free? The riddle was soon explained.

In the centre of that little unoccupied space I beheld a cripple! I love the Irish people; but never in my life did I see anything which so much entitles them to the love and respect of every philanthropic, feeling heart as this; making a space and giving free room to the helpless, pithless cripple in a crowded multitude, through which the stronges giant would in vain have struggled to force his way.

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